DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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WILLIAM CAXTON

## PRINTING IN ITS EARLIEST DAYS

It is pleasant as well as profitable to sometimes look back over the time intervening between the small beginnings in any art and the present age of perfection In the matter of beauty of workmanship, however, the old printers have every reason to boast that while year after year artists and mechanics of the highest skill have endeavored to improve on their efforts, and that while time has almost been annihilated by recent inventions used in book making, still, despite the newness of their art, the imperfections of their appliances, and the prejudices arrayed against them, their works have seldom been excelled, and four hundred years later are looked upon as masterpieces of workmanship to be imitated in many ays, rather than to be laughed at as the evidences of small beginnings. William Caxton, the first English printer, was born in Kent, about the year 1411, and surrounded by his work, died at Westminster in the year 1461 He began his career as apprentice to a London mercer, but his master dying before he had served his time, he visited the continent, and after having travelled in Germany and the Netherlands, took up his residence in Bruges, where he began the first book ever printed in the English tongue This work was completed at Westminster four hundred years ago this year, and specimens of it were shown at the recent Caxton celebration held in Montreal to celebrate the fourth centennial anniversary of printing The concluding paragraph of this work we have reproduced in fac simile, so that the MESSENGER's readers may have an opportunity of comparing the type of the olden times with that used in the present day Caxton was not only a printer but a scholar, as the fact that he translated several of his books from the Latin clearly proves. In those days the printer made his own types, presses and ink, and we can imagine Caxton interspersing his literary duties with that of ink making, before the printing art had arrived at that stage when the proper division of labor became a necessity. The wood engraving art followed close on that of printing, and the accompanying specimen of an armed knight evidences one of the early attempts at illustrating books. Caxton was assisted in his work by several apprentices, who were also friends, foremost amongst them being Wynkyn de Worde and Richard Pynson. The former, between the years 1493 and 1535, printed no less than four hundred books, and was so proud of his association with Caxton that he included his former master's initials with his own in his printer's work. Pynson was a Norman, but carried on a business in England, and was created the first King's printer," an appointment which yielded him a small annuity. The ancient printing press was not a complicated arrangement of cranks, cogwheels, bands, cylinders, tapes, "flies," "blankets," belts, and wheels, such as we have now but was generally adapted from some ordinary press. It is said that about the time Caxton commenced operations in England, a printer named Melchior de Stonham, wishing to establish a printing office at Augsburg, engaged a skilful workman and proceeded to make the necessary arrangements and purchases, which occupied him a whole year He bought five old wine presses and made them into printing presses, but his expenses were so great that he was ruined financially and died broken hearted. With such appliances as these, cheap printing was out of the question, but since the introduction of movable types, and presses which can print sixteen thousand sheets an hour, books are within the reach of every one, and the only hindrance to the spread of knowledge, in this country at least, is the want of interest in those who should learn

—Ye that love the Lord, hate evil.—Psa. 97., 10.

1495. EARLY PRINTERS' MARK. WYNKYN DE WORDE

Exendeth the book named the dictes or sayengis of the philosophhres enpryntedy, by me William Caxton at Westmestre the yere of our lordy +M+ CCCC+ LxxxBij+ Whiche book is late translat

SPECIMEN OF THE TYPES USED BY CAXTON IN *The Dictes or Sayings of the Philosophers.* PRINTED IN 1477

## GIVING OUT HYMNS.

Distinctness in the enunciation, clearness in the announcement, and precision in the repetition of the place of the sermon text, as also of the number of the hymns, are comparatively rare in the pulpit. It should be borne in mind by every preacher, or leader in the exercises of worship, that there is difficulty in making clear to a hearer the number of a hymn or of a Bible chapter or verse, which is not encountered in conveying the idea of anything said in the sermon or other portions of the service. A numeral, like a proper name, is an arbitrary designation There is no help to its understanding from the connection in which it is used. It might be changed without affecting the sense of its use. Hence, unless a hearer receives it with unequivocal distinctness as it is first uttered, he has no clue to its meaning. He has utterly failed of its apprehension. If the minister announces the nine hundred and fiftieth hymn, a person who hears it imperfectly has nothing to assure him whether it is the nine hundred and fiftieth, or the one hundred and fiftieth, or the one hundred and fifteenth, or the nine hundred and fifteenth hymn. Or he may be further from the mark than either of these guesses. He is entitled to hear the number over again. A like confusion is often in one's mind concerning the chapter and verse of the announced text. A minister ought, in the first place, to be more careful to state with unmistakable distinctness the place of his sermon text, or the number of the hymn to be sung, than anything else which he utters. Then he ought to take it for granted that many of his hearers failed to understand his statement, and he should repeat the announcement even more carefully and with greater distinctness than the first time.—*S.S. Times.*

## FREEDOM IN THE SCHOOL ROOM.

Hedge your child round about with numberless rules, put him under a constant espionage, and, as I have said, you deprive him of all opportunity of self-restraint, you neglect the whole aim of discipline as regards the individual, you do not even teach him how to submit to the government of others, as the world will count government. Let the rules of a school be few, broad, and traditional. Our boys sent forth into the wide world will find that there is no elaborate code of petty and detailed regulations read out three times a year for their moral guidance.

In the class-room as much freedom is allowed as is consistent with good work. There is no attempt at drill, but, of course, freedom must not be allowed to degenerate into license. M. Jules Simon says that he thinks a quarter of an hour liberty between each lesson would do children much good, and would do no harm to discipline. In English schools, where our hours are comparatively short, we can hardly afford so long an interval; but I quite agree in the principle, and I think it a good thing to let boys "kick up a row," as they call it, for four or five minutes during changes of lessons This freshens them up, and puts a little more life into them I have at times, on a hot summer's afternoon, proposed to the boys a short interval in the middle of a lesson for forty winks, to which they have graciously acceded and after a few minutes we have jumped on our legs again to wake ourselves up, and have continued our lesson with far more vigor than we betrayed before. This may shock those who consider themselves stern disciplinarians, but it is infinitely better than that the master should fall asleep by himself, and, as a friend of mine did once, fall back off the stool, and in his effort to save himself pull the desk over on the top of him.—*Paper Read Before College of Preceptors*

How many persons of mature age can write an ordinary letter without making several mistakes? In how many schools is the art of rapid and correct letter-writing taught? Is any branch of practical education more needed, and is any study more generally neglected? These questions are not conundrums, but are serious queries What is the trouble with many teachers, and why is it they will continue the everlasting "parsing," and constantly neglect the good, common sense training of their pupils? We need brains in the school-room, or rather we need the common sense that comes of brain work.—*National Teachers' Monthly.*

ARMED KNIGHT.—Specimen of Early Engraving.

ANCIENT PRESS.

## Temperance Department.

### AN ACCOUNT OF MY BROTHER

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Twenty-five years ago I had a brother whom I loved with sincere affection. He was the joy of our whole family, and our father's pride. Indeed, there were few such boys bright, manly, talented, of a fair and ruddy countenance, first in his classes, selected for his powers in declamation to grace anniversary and exhibition occasions, winning prizes and medals with ease, he was at the same time envied by his schoolfellows and praised by his superiors I recollect one magnificent triumph—so it appeared to our boyish eyes—when, before an audience of two thousand applauding listeners, he carried off the highest honors from a school of two hundred and upwards.

He entered college at an early age, and bore himself to the front rank of his classes. He was not only bright—he was also a hard-working student. When a junior at college, he and I were together at a teaparty. His wit and repartee, his keen satires, his varied and yet modest stores of invention, made him the centre of an admiring circle At table, he sat opposite to me. Nellie Brice, a beautiful and accomplished girl—a girl whom he loved with his whole soul—sat next him. The wine was passed. But, as he was strictly temperate in his habits, he allowed it to pass.

"Surely," she said, touching his hand "you will take wine?"

"No, I thank you, it is against my principles."

With her own hands she filled his glass. "Surely," she said, "you will take it from me"

He faltered.

"What," she asked, leaning fondly toward him, "will you not take this glass from me? If you love me, you will drink with me"

He put it to his lips and drank it off hurriedly. It was his first glass. Would to God it had been his last. But it was not his last even on that evening Before the midnight hour he drank so deeply that even Nellie spurned his maudlin affection, and others had to help him home.

It was only a year after that, that he left home for ever He felt so keenly the disgrace of his fall that he turned to other and worse society He was led into an unfortunate encounter with the police while still a student, and to save open shame left his home at midnight.

I heard of him afterwards as captain of a Mississippi steamer He had risen to this position of confidence, notwithstanding his increasing thirst for liquor Indeed, he seems to have controlled his appetite for a while But in an evil hour he fell again, and lost his position in consequence

I heard of him next in government employ He was engaged in carrying the mails across the plains of California It was then a dangerous and difficult work For a year or two the new life seemed to rend him from his old habits. But it was not of long duration. During a heavy debauch the Indians swooped down upon his camp, destroyed his horses and teams, and left him for dead.

This adventure seemed to have a sobering effect. For a while a better spirit was in him. He returned to the haunts of men, and entered upon a career of usefulness as a lawyer. Then came the fierce civil war. His lot was cast with the North, mine with the South. I heard of him but seldom. Once, through a stray Northern paper, I heard that he was a Brigadier-General, and had been engaged in some brave and daring feat. I heard of him only once afterward during the war He had been cashiered for drunkenness.

Then the war ended. He moved beyond the Mississippi to one of the new states, and resumed the practice of his profession. He was now married and four precious children, as pledges given to fortune, seemed to bind him to sobriety. Besides this, he was rising in the estimation of his fellow-citizens. First, he held some important county office, then he was elected to the Legislature, and almost any office he aspired to seemed within his grasp. A year or two passed. Our correspondence lulled. I next heard of him as driven out of a barroom and kicked into the street for disorderly conduct.

I have two letters from his noble-hearted wife, lying before me In one she says

"O brother, I am heartbroken. My husband is gone—I do not know where he is. Our last penny was squandered by him for drink. Time after time have I labored to extricate him from difficulties My own patrimony has all gone in that direction And now he has fled for fear of prison, leaving his wife and children helpless and desolate."

In the other she says

"I heard three days since that my husband on his way home was taken sick, and lay dying twenty miles away At once I went to him But he did not know me I mentioned your name, but it created no emotion I found him sick unto death' Would to God it had been some other kind of sickness Oh, my brother—he is dead' and he died of *delirium tremens*'

I received this letter, last night

So have I given you a plain, unvarnished account of my brother's living and dying It is not an uncommon history Many a one of your readers will recognize some kinship in the statement to records in their own experience

I draw a long breath and sigh as I write these words I cry out, "O Lord, how long"

Does the destroyer waste for ever? Is there no end to such histories as this?

No, there is not. Coolly, calmly I write it I write it with suppressed bitterness No, there is not, so long as tables of refinement must needs be garnished with the wine-cup and fair girls press their unsuspecting victims to drink.

I have just returned from the meeting of our Synod I had a host who entertained with all kindness. He had wine on his table He pressed even his ministerial guests to take of it And some drank.

Last week I saw a young girl offer wine to her brother to drink. She laughed at his scruples for hesitating He drank, and I noticed that one glass was not enough.

And so the destroyer will go on wasting for ever'—*Christian Weekly*

### ALCOHOL AS A DRUG

The real indicator of temperance progress fundamentally considered, is the tone of the medical journals, which reflect, though often at some distance, the most advanced lights of physiological truth in relation to alcohol. Among these the *British Medical Journal* stands honorably distinguished for its general sympathy with temperance reform, and for its readiness to respond to and reflect the newest results of alcoholic investigation It was among the first and heartiest to do justice to the Parisian experiments of 1860, and to avow its conviction that the time had come when the conclusion must be accepted without further prevarication or evasion, that alcohol is no benefactor to the human system, but a mischievous intruder, which, accordingly, the organism sets itself tooth and nail to oppose, and if its powers suffice, to expel

We find in a recent issue some significant deliverances on the value of alcohol, even as a drug "M.D., Lond.," referring to the letter of a previous correspondent that appeared in its pages some weeks before, moots the question as to the real secret of what virtue may lie in bitter beer "What scientific proof is there," he asks, "that the improvement in the case referred to was due to the alcohol in the Burton ale, and not to the infusion of hop?" This is a fair question, seeing that "every medical man knows the value of bitter infusions in atonic dyspepsia,"—that is, in indigestion arising from impaired tone of the stomach If virtue does lie in the hop to restore tone to the organ, it is not teetotalism, as the writer justly remarks, that will condemn its use for this end. But on purely medical grounds it will still remain a question, which it will be for professional men to determine, whether the benefit thus lent is not counterbalanced by the evil that accompanies it. Whether it acts as an anæsthetic on the nerves of sensation, and thus allays unpleasant sensations in the stomach, or as a temporary local irritant to determine the blood to it, as mustard and pepper do, the benefit thus accruing is realized at some expense. Such a "hyper-irritant action" is not needful in ordinary cases for digestion, and if carried beyond certain very circumscribed limits "is apt to produce chronic congestion of the stomach and liver." Whatever good, however, may lie in the vaunted beverage is probably confined to this tone-imparting quality of the hop, and is by no means unmixed. But if otherwise,—if the alcohol in the ale is also to be credited with some little virtue, let this be fairly made out, and no sensible abstainer will oppose its wise administration as a drug.

But the grievance is, that these alcoholic fluids are too often resorted to, and even prescribed at random, which sends our London M.D. into the following line of judicious and in part facetious observation. "All medicinal use of alcohol are legitimate, but ought to be under the control of the profession. The outcry of teetotalers against its medical use is simply because medical men will persist in ordering all kinds of mixtures, and in sending the patient to the public-house or wine merchant to obtain them. It is *petitio principii* to adduce the text 'which maketh glad the heart of man' in proof of Divine approval of mild intoxication, as though no property of grapes or unfermented wine can cheer or cause gladness Corn' (the harvest, *vide* Harvest Home", shall make the young men cheerful, and new wine' (Heb. *tirosh*, the vintage fruit) 'the maids.' A Scotch minister is said to have been much puzzled by this verse. he said he could understand how new wine (if intoxicating) could make the young women cheerful, but could only account for corn having the same effect on the supposition that it stood for 'whisky.'"

It is with peculiar pleasure that we cite from the same *British Medical Journal* the following yet more explicit testimony in favor of the great fundamental principles of our movement. It also is the testimony of a professional authority,—another M.D., —who subscribes himself "Another Physician," and the experience he narrates is his own. He says:—

"When a young man I was very delicate, and from nineteen to twenty-three years old seldom free from some ailment, due to general weakness. As I was a firm teetotaler, my convictions became a source of dispute with my friends, and, under the orders of two medical advisers, I sacrificed my own preferences by taking a daily quantum of sherry, and subsequently I was in the habit, until the summer of 1875, of swallowing my dose of beer or wine with each day's dinner So far, however, from being secured by this in the enjoyment of health, I have always had excessive sensitiveness to atmospheric changes, and have again and again been laid up for two or three weeks at a time. Two years and a quarter since I resolved to drink nothing stronger than good filtered water, except a morning and evening cup of tea. The result is that indigestion, headache, sleeplessness, and fear of weather are all things of the past. Not only have I had splendid health, but now, at fifty-four years of age, I have more energy than I had at thirty, and I can do a day or a night's work, or a succession of them, with any man you please."

### ALCOHOL BY THE TEASPOONFUL.

At a public meeting recently called in Manchester for the purpose of hearing addresses from members of the British Medical Association, then meeting in that city, Dr Norman Kerr, of London, made the following remarks.

If the people of Great Britain would insist on practicing abstinence and procuring, as he hoped and prayed they would, the suppression of the whole liquor traffic, either by a Maine law or the very reasonable and just Permissive Bill, they must make up their mind when proposing to compensate publicans that the poor frozen-out doctors and their families must be compensated too. Alcohol, all admitted, was a rank poison, poisoning at one fell blow both body and mind. Few, however, seemed to be aware of the large quantities of this poison consumed in our ordinary intoxicating beverages. In every pint of claret there were 2oz. of alcohol, in every pint of port or sherry 4oz., in every pint of London stout 1½oz., in every pint of brandy 10½oz., and in every pint of rum 15oz. Two table-spoonfuls of alcohol were recorded to have killed a child seven years old, therefore a pint of "nourishing stout" contained more poison than had been known to kill a child seven years old: a pint of claret as much as would kill two such children, a pint of port or sherry, four a pint of brandy, ten, and a pint of rum, fifteen children All our alcoholic drinks were mainly watery solutions of the poison-alcohol, and the dilution with water never altered the nature and influence of the poison, though of course diminishing the effect in proportion to the quantity taken. What ought we to expect from the daily "moderate" indulgence in even the weakest of such poisonous mixtures? Increase of disease and shortening of life. And so we found it. One insurance company had two sections, the one section for teetotal lives, and the other for moderate, careful, or limited drinkers. Nobody but teetotalers would have anything to do with drunkards, and they only to lift the drunkard out of his drunkenness, and the insurance companies would not have the intemperate at any price. In ten years 2,275 moderates were expected to die, and one less, or 2,274 did die: while of the teetotalers 1,272 were expected to die, but so obstinate were water drinkers, that only 922 did oblige them by dying. And all other comparisons of the duration of life between careful drinkers and abstainers in similar circumstances gave the same extraordinary result. One single glass of sherry compelled the heart to pump over an additional quantity of blood in the twenty-four hours of half a ton weight by solid measure. Again one glass of port or sherry occasioned an extra daily excess of work to the heart, as shown by the increased number of the heart's pulsation, equivalent to the person to whom the heart belonged having to raise ½ of a ton weight one foot high For himself he could only confess that his heart had had quite enough to do during the last twenty-four hours, and he did think he would have been exceedingly unwise if he had added to the task it had naturally to undergo an extra burden equal to having to lift over ½ of a ton one little foot, for it might just happen, as not unseldom occurred, that "the light straw might have broken the camel's back" The great truth had now gone forth to the ends of the earth that wherever there was alcohol there was poison, and that it poisoned in exact proportion to the quantity of the poison consumed and the physical capacity of the consumer to resist the poisonous influence. He would not say that he would not prescribe alcohol, for he did; and in the course of about 30,000 cases of disease, of which he had notes, he had prescribed nearly as much as would fill three quarters of a pint bottle. These occasions were emergencies, and the handiest alcoholic compound (for, alas, alcohol was always at hand) was resorted to only till others as potent, as prompt, but not so dangerous remedies could be procured He and he alone was responsible for the treatment of his patients, at the bedside of the sick he allowed no one to interfere with him, caring as little for the denunciation of a teetotaler as for the execration of a drunkard, but it did seem to him clear as the light of day that, in view of the enormous amount of moral, spiritual, political, and social evil that arose in this country from the use of intoxicating liquors, and seeing that it was known that even where alcohol had been prescribed with the utmost care and conscientiousness, medical prescriptions had been the means, in spite of the physician, of mental and moral wreck and ruin to many a patient, medical men were called upon never to use such a dangerous remedy, so liable to be followed by so serious consequences, unless it was absolutely and imperatively called for. Further, when its administration was unavoidable, alcohol should be prescribed in the same manner and with as much precision as any other deadly narcotic poison, the dose being accurately defined to be given in so many drops or at least by the teaspoonful on the distinct understanding that the physic be not continued unless the prescription be renewed. So risky and dangerous did he regard alcoholic liquors that when he could reasonably avoid using them he preferred to administer them himself. He had the honor of reading a paper on the preceding day at the British Medical meeting on that burning question of the medical world "The cause and cure of habitual drunkenness," and there was a matter with reference to this question which he felt it his duty to bring before them. He would not have ventured to introduce this at a public meeting had he not first brought it forward amongst his medical brethren With some reformed drunkards the craving died gradually away, but with most the old longing never wholly left them, and no rescued inebriate could ever safely taste of the intoxicating cup. He had known most distressing instances of reformed drunkards lapsing into their old sinful indulgence and misery from the lurking drink fiend within being roused to renewed life on the stimulus of a single sip of weak alcoholic liquid on the occasion of a religious ordinance. He meddled not with the theological questions, but one thing he did hold, and the enunciation of this declaration was received with unmistakable marks of approval at the medical sederunt, that medical men are all united, whether abstainers or non-abstainers, must insist that the cure of their reformed inebriates must not be counteracted and their safety endangered by the administration, on any religious or any other pretence, and however guarded and in however Christian a spirit, of any alcoholic liquor If the fluids employed in religious ordinances made most of their ecclesiastical edifices unsafe, and, in fact, dangerous for the reformed drunkards, let them not blame the ministers of religion. The fault lay at the door of the medical profession, who ought long ago to have pointed out the absolute necessity for lifelong abstinence from all kinds and quantities of alcoholic drinks on the part of reformed inebriates, and he had not the slightest doubt that the moment the truth were proclaimed, as now it was in language that no one could misunderstand, this great reproach would be purged from the Christian Church To sum up, moderate drinking shortened life, increased disease, rendered men weaker and more halting Christians, it made them less useful to their country, less happy in themselves, and of less honor and value to their families. Total abstinence, on the other hand, lessened disease, improved health, and lengthened life. By the general adoption of this simple remedy, and by the legislative diminution and suppression of licensed public temptations to drinking, not only would the health, prosperity, and happiness of the whole people be promoted, but on the fair field of an abstaining nation the word of God would have free course and be glorified. He had much pleasure in moving, "That this meeting is of opinion the common use of alcohol is injurious in health, and should be prescribed with as much care as any other drug."

## Agricultural Department.

### COAL ASHES IN THE GARDEN.

It has been long known that coal ashes have the effect of mellowing the soil, particularly clay. A rigid clay may thus be greatly improved in its texture. It has been held that the fertilizing properties of coal ashes are small; repeated analyses have shown this Yet, used as they have been here in gardens, without other manure, the effect has been such as to lead irresistibly to the conclusion that they develop in some way a considerable amount of fertility. All cannot be accounted for by the mechanical improvement, as in cases where this is not lacking the effect is still present, and apparently undiminished, if not sometimes increased—in this case acting seemingly as wood ashes do, requiring other (organic) fertility to aid, if full results would be obtained.

I was surprised, early in the season, on seeing unusually thrifty tomatoes and beans, to learn that the only manure used was coal ashes, scattered in the garden to get them out of the way. This was practiced for several years and no manure other than this had been used. I was shown another garden to-day which was treated exactly in the same way, the only dressing being coal ashes. Here the growth seemed all that it could be. I was shown a potato grown here that weighed one pound eleven ounces and a half. It was the early Vermont, a variety not noted, I believe, for its large specimens. But they were all large, averaging from half a pound to a pound; no small ones among them, and many exceeding a pound. They were planted fifteen inches apart in the rows, a small potato dropped in each hill. The owner of this garden lays the success to the coal ashes, and says there can hardly be any mistake about it. This is the opinion of others also. My own experience is confirmatory. But the effect, I find, is not immediate. It is more tardy than with wood ashes, whose potash and soda act promptly.

I would advise by all means that coal ashes, instead of being thrown away, be used in our gardens, removing the coarser parts; also on potato ground, always mixing well with the soil, and as early as the ground will admit, and to be repeated yearly, giving thus time for effect upon the soil. I find the best success where the ashes have been applied for several years. The second year is sure to tell, even where thrown upon the ground and left to lie there undisturbed, as I have abundant evidence. But the place for full action is in the soil.

I should have stated that in the second garden mentioned where the ashes were omitted, as was the case with a small space, there was a uniform lack in the growth, both in the size of the vines and the tubers About a quarter of the soil of this garden was composed of ashes. In places where the proportion of ashes was greatest the largest tubers were raised. There is no doubt of the general benefit of coal ashes in a garden, and their decided effect upon the tomato and potato family. They doubtless effect more or less favorably all plants, in the improved texture of the soil, which most of our old cultivated fields need. Add to this their known manurial properties which science has pointed out, little though they be, and there is no reason why coal ashes should not be used on our land, to say nothing of what may seem an occult influence when they are put in union with the fertility of the soil, resulting thus, as appears to me, in an increased growth. I have faith in the discarded coal ashes, and I am using them to advantage.

*F G., in Country Gentleman*

### WINTERING BEES

An essay read by Mr. A. Saunbury before the Illinois Bee-keeper's Association contained the following sensible hints

Four antecedent requisites are necessary to secure at all times successful wintering Yet they frequently winter quite well when these requisites are not perfect in all respects. They are as follows:

I. Good wholesome food

II. A proper, uniform temperature.

III. Absorbents above the bees, or what is often called upward ventilation.

IV Youthful vigor or vitality to carry them through the winter.

: -The health of the bee, like all other animals, largely depends on wholesome food. During extreme drouth and the influence of a parched earth and burning atmosphere, the saccharine portion of the fluid sap of all vegetation partakes very largely of the acid of the vegetable, the flow is too tardy and the quantity too scant, so it is adulterated before it reaches the floral cup. Under these circumstances, the bees will forage largely on fruits, decayed apples, peaches, grapes and the pumace about cider mills, etc. Such kind of food is no detriment to the health of the bee while on the wing and in the heat of summer, but it dies from it when long confined to the hive.

Syrup made of good refined sugar is a fine substitute for honey.

2—Notwithstanding bees often winter in a very irregular temperature, uniform success demands an even temperature, not too hot or cold, about 45 deg. In this latitude this can only be secured by a good warm repository. Where all things are equal, bees will live in dark confinement four or five months, and come out as active as they went in.

3- Absorbents above the bees, in the shape of chaff or straw cushions, or the second story of the hive filled with leaves (a cloth first covering the frames), is almost indispensable for outdoor wintering, but in a warm repository they are all superfluous. All that is necessary is to raise or slip the lid of a hive a little to one side and let the moisture from the bees, which arises in the form of vapor, escape, otherwise it will condense into drops of water and damage the combs and endanger the lives of the bees.

It was once stated by the late Samuel Wagner (if my memory serves me right) that bees grow no older when in healthy confinement. I am not inclined to be skeptical on this point; but it is apparent to all that have lived out two-thirds of their time before they go into winter confinement will die in early spring before a sufficient number of young bees to generate heat and take charge of the hive are hatched. So bees, queen and all, become discouraged and decamp—a suicidal act, but with them preferable to a lingering death in their once happy home.

When honey gathering is good the latter part of August and the first part of September this matter always regulates itself where the queen is not forestalled, and her brood nest filled with honey—this, however, seldom occurs with good young queens. Where no honey gathering occurs at the proper season, all difficulties may be overcome by stimulating with sugar syrup.

### ROVING FARMERS.

There is a class of farmers, says an exchange paper, who are constantly on the lookout for a better place to go. Their farms are always "for sale," and they dream of luxuriant lands, in some other part of the country, which can be bought "for a song," where they imagine they would be more prosperous and enjoy life better than where they now reside. Many of these men own mortgaged farms; and for such men to desire to remove where they can own a free farm, though it be far, far away, is but a natural manifestation to better one's condition which the human mind cannot resist. But where can these men go, after selling their farms, and be contented? This is a serious question, which no man can answer of his own knowledge. Suppose they can sell out, and command a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars after paying all their debts, and they start for "the West," Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, or some other State. Eighty acres of land, with a comfortable house or log cabin on it, can be bought for from $5 to $10 per acre. The land is all right, as good as "lies out of doors," but alas for the surroundings. Neighbors are scarce, society is a myth; and the poor, frail housewife, who follows her husband without a murmur, pines for friends The children have to go two miles or farther to school; and in the winter season they cannot attend much of the time in consequence of storms. Churches are "few and far between," and the people are generally a mixture of various nations: and the result of all is, that many an Eastern farmer who goes West is unhappy and wishes himself back on his old homestead. So if one goes South, or anywhere, he will not find things just to his mind. If one thing is better than on the old place, another is worse; and taking all things into consideration, but few farmers change their residences, who are able to make a living on the old place, that better themselves by removing to a distant State. One may obtain rich lands at a low price where there is no market for what he grows, and he may get into an unhealthy locality, and soon he may bury his wife and children, and what then?—a gloomy world for him.

### HOW TO FATTEN CHICKENS.

It is hopeless to attempt to fatten chickens while they are at liberty. They must be put in a proper coop, and thus, like most poultry appurtenances, need not be expensive. To fatten twelve fowls, a coop must be three feet long, eighteen inches high, and eighteen inches deep, made entirely of bars. No part of it solid, neither top, side nor bottom. Discretion must be used according to the sizes of the chickens put up. They do not want room, indeed, the closer they are the better—providing they can stand up at the same time. Care must be exercised to put up such as have been accustomed to being together, or they will fight. If one is quarrelsome it is better to remove it at once, as, like other bad examples, it soon finds imitators. A diseased chicken should not be put up. The feed should be ground oats, and may either be put in a trough or on a flat board running along the front of the coop. It may be feed with water or milk, the latter is better. It should be well soaked, forming a pulp as loose as can be, providing that it does not run off the board. They must be well fed three or four times a day—the first time as soon after day-break as possible or convenient, and then at intervals of four hours. Each meal should be as much and no more than they can eat up clean. When they have done feeding, the board should be wiped, and some gravel may be spread It causes them to feed and thrive. After a fortnight of this treatment, you will have good fat fowls. If, however, there are but four to six to be fattened, they must not have so much room as though there were twelve Nothing is easier than to allot them the proper space; it is only necessary to have two or three pieces of wood to pass between the bars, and form a partition. This may also serve when fowls are put up at different degrees of fatness. This requires attention, or fowls will not remain fat and healthy. As soon as the fowl is sufficiently fattened it must be killed, as otherwise it will not still get fat, but it will lose flesh. If fowls are intended for the market of course they are or may be all fattened at once; but for home consumption it is better to put them up at such intervals as will suit the times when they are required for the table. When the time arrives for killing, whether they are meant for market or otherwise, they should be fasted, without food or water, for twelve or fifteen hours. This enables them to be kept some time after being killed, even in hot weather.—*London Cottage.*

HATCHING EGGS IN A HORSE.—Another family of Australian birds, which are the most anomalous of all in their habits, are the brush-turkeys, which we may look upon as supplying the place of the pheasant and grouse, and whose unique domestic economy is specially adapted for the peculiar conditions of Australian existence. The mother of a family of brush-turkeys is very far removed from the position of a domestic drudge, and enjoys complete immunity from the slavery of incubation. The old birds in spring share the labor of collecting an enormous mass of half-decayed leaves, rubbish, and earth, five feet high, and sometimes forty-five feet in circumference. As soon as the hotbed, by the fermentation of the vegetable matter, attains a heat of about 89° Fahr., the hen bird deposits her eggs one after another in the centre. They are very carefully arranged in a circle on their ends, and then covered to a considerable height with leaves and earth. When hatched the young birds scratch their own way out, and are able at birth not only to run but to fly sufficiently well to enable them to perch on trees out of harm's way. The mother, however, seems generally to hang about the neighborhood, and to assume at once the education and guidance of the family. The solution of this extraordinary peculiarity is, as Mr. Wallace has pointed out, only to be found in the peculiar condition of the open regions of Australia, where prolonged droughts and scanty water supply entail a periodical scarcity of food. The confinement of the parents to one spot for the purpose of incubation might under these circumstances lead to starvation, and the consequent death of the offspring; but with free power to roam the birds may easily find sustenance, and the young, fully developed at birth, are at once capable of prolonged and extended journeys. —*Good Words.*

APPLES.—With us the use of the apple as an article of food is far underrated. Besides containing a large amount of sugar, mucilage and other nutritive matter, apples contain vegetable acids, aromatic qualities, etc., which act powerfully in the capacity of refrigerants, tonics and antiseptics, and when freely used in the season of mellow ripeness they prevent debility, indigestion, and scurvy, without doubt, many of the "ills that flesh is heir to." The operatives of Cornwall, England, consider ripe apples nearly as nourishing as bread, and far more so than potatoes! In the year 1801—which was a year of much scarcity—apples, instead of being [illegible] into cider, were sold to the poor, and the laborers asserted that they could "stand their work" on baked apples without meat, whereas a potato diet required either meat or some other substantial nutriment. The French and Germans use apples extensively, so do the inhabitants of all European countries. The laborers depend upon them as an article of food, and frequently make a dinner of sliced apples and bread. There is no fruit cooked in as many different ways in our country as apples, nor is there any fruit whose value, as an article of nutriment, is as great and so little appreciated.—*Better Care Journal.*

## DOMESTIC.

EXTRA COTTAGE PUDDING.—One cupful of granulated sugar, and one tablespoonful of butter, beaten well together, the yolks of two eggs, one half teaspoonful soda dissolved in one cupful sweet milk, a little salt, then the beaten whites of two eggs, and three cupfuls sifted flour, or enough to make a middling stiff batter; bake in a well-buttered mould. Serve hot with fruit sauce made in this way.—Take one quart or more of any kind of fruit or berries. If peaches are selected they must be very ripe, pare them, remove the stones, then mash them well with a potato-pounder. To every quart of fruit add one tablespoonful melted butter and one cupful powdered sugar stir well together; set it on the fire for a few moments until it becomes warm, pour it in a glass dish, and use a gravy ladle when serving it with the pudding.

BURNS AND SCALDS.—Dr. G. F. Waters, of Salem, Mass., has recently discovered a most effective remedy for burns and scalds, which is so simple, and always at hand, that we give it for the benefit of our readers. It is merely to sprinkle the injured surface with the Bicarbonate of Soda—the common baking soda—and cover it with a wet cloth. When the burn is only superficial, the pain is said to cease instantly, and but one application needed, where the injury extends deeper, longer time and more applications will be required. To show the efficiency of this remedy, Dr. W., at a meeting of the Mass. Dental Society, made an illustration in his own person, in presence of the meeting he scalded his wrist with boiling water, in one place making a deep scald, by applying boiling water with a sponge for 30 seconds. The pain at once ceased on the application of soda, covered with a wet cloth, and the next day, all but the part intentionally burned more severely than the rest, was practically healed, and that portion was healing rapidly.—*American Agriculturist.*

CRETONNE-WORK.—The work consists in cutting out of fine figured cretonne the delicate flowers or birds which may form the patterns, great care being observed so that the outlines may be kept perfect. Choose for several different patterns, no matter what color the ground, as that will all be cut out. Having thus cut all the bouquets, etc., let us compose the design by combining parts of several things. For instance, one we saw lately had a stork as the central object, perched upon some branches placed horizontally. The ends of these branches were entwined with graceful vines, and leaves and flowers were added according to taste. Many pretty subjects will suggest themselves, especially after a little experience has been gained. A beautiful cushion is made by taking a square of cotton-backed black satin or velvet, and arranging such a design in the centre; then, having basted them well into place, go around the edges with button-hole stitch in sewing silk. Antennæ of insects and the tendrils and stamens of flowers may be done in embroidery silk. Screens and many other similar things may be made in the same manner, and if the edges of the cretonne be well worked, they will prove substantial as well as beautiful. In England this work is very popular, and is used to ornament the seats and backs of chairs, for table-covers, and for curtains.—*Racar.*

TO MAKE VINEGAR.—Wine vinegar is used by many to make pickles, but pure cider vinegar is the only kind we would willingly use for that purpose. In the country one can make one's own vinegar (even if there are but few apples) with a small cider press. After the juice is pressed out let the cider ferment, and then, if the weather is still warm, set the keg or barrel in the sun, and put an inverted glass bottle in the bung-hole. A gallon of good cider vinegar added, and brown paper dipped in molasses dropped in if there is no "mother" in the vinegar-jug, will after a little make the best of cider vinegar. Add a little molasses, brown sugar, and good home-made yeast, and occasionally the skimmings from jellies and preserves. If too cold when the cider is pressed out, let the barrel be put into a cellar that never freezes, and remain till warm spring weather, then set in the sun as above directed Keep the barrel closely stopped so that no dirt can enter after the vinegar is made, and it can be constantly replenished as it grows too strong by adding fresh cider occasionally, a little at a time; and thus you need never be out of good vinegar. Be sure that it is never frozen. Save all apple, peach and pear peelings, and the cores and pits and all sound pieces of fruit, cover with a little water long enough to extract the juice. Strain and put into the vinegar barrel, and in a few days the vinegar will be as perfect as if fresh made To prevent the possibility of having inferior vinegar for a few days after adding to the barrel, have the forethought to keep a jug always filled for constant use, and be at the personal trouble of seeing that it is full every time before making any additions.—*Mrs. Beecher.*

## THE FIRST TIME.

SAXE HOLM, IN ST. NICHOLAS.

(*Continued.*)

When I went into the sitting-room I walked slowly toward her, and she took me in her lap and kissed me. If she had said one word to show that she suspected me of having lied I should have burst into tears and told her all about it; but she was too wise to do that. She knew very well that the surest way to make me hate a lie was to let me live along with it fastened to me for a while. So she began to talk about something else, just as if nothing had happened, and in a few minutes we went to dinner.

I hardly could eat a mouthful. It seemed to me, whenever my father looked at me, that his eyes were sterner than ever. A dreadful voice seemed dinning in my ears:

"In a few minutes more dessert will be brought in, and then he will ask for the report."

As soon as the servant began to remove the meat and vegetables, I said:

"I don't want any dessert. May I be excused?"

"Not want any dessert!" exclaimed my mother. "Why, Peggy, you must be ill. We are going to have India pudding and cream."

Now, there was nothing in the world I liked so well as India pudding, and my father and mother both knew it. It makes me laugh now to think how my dear mother must have pitied me in her heart when she heard me reply.

"But I am not hungry. I don't want any."

Then my mother said: "Very well; you may go."

And didn't I run fast toward the door! And didn't I hope, for two seconds, that my father was going to forget to ask after the report! Alas! no such escape for me!

"Peggy, Peggy," he called, "what is all this hurry about? Bring me your report, dear. I want to see that."

Before I had time to reply, my good, kind mother replied for me:

"Oh, Peggy has lost her report," she said. "The wind blew it into the brook. So we shall not know how good a girl she has been this week."

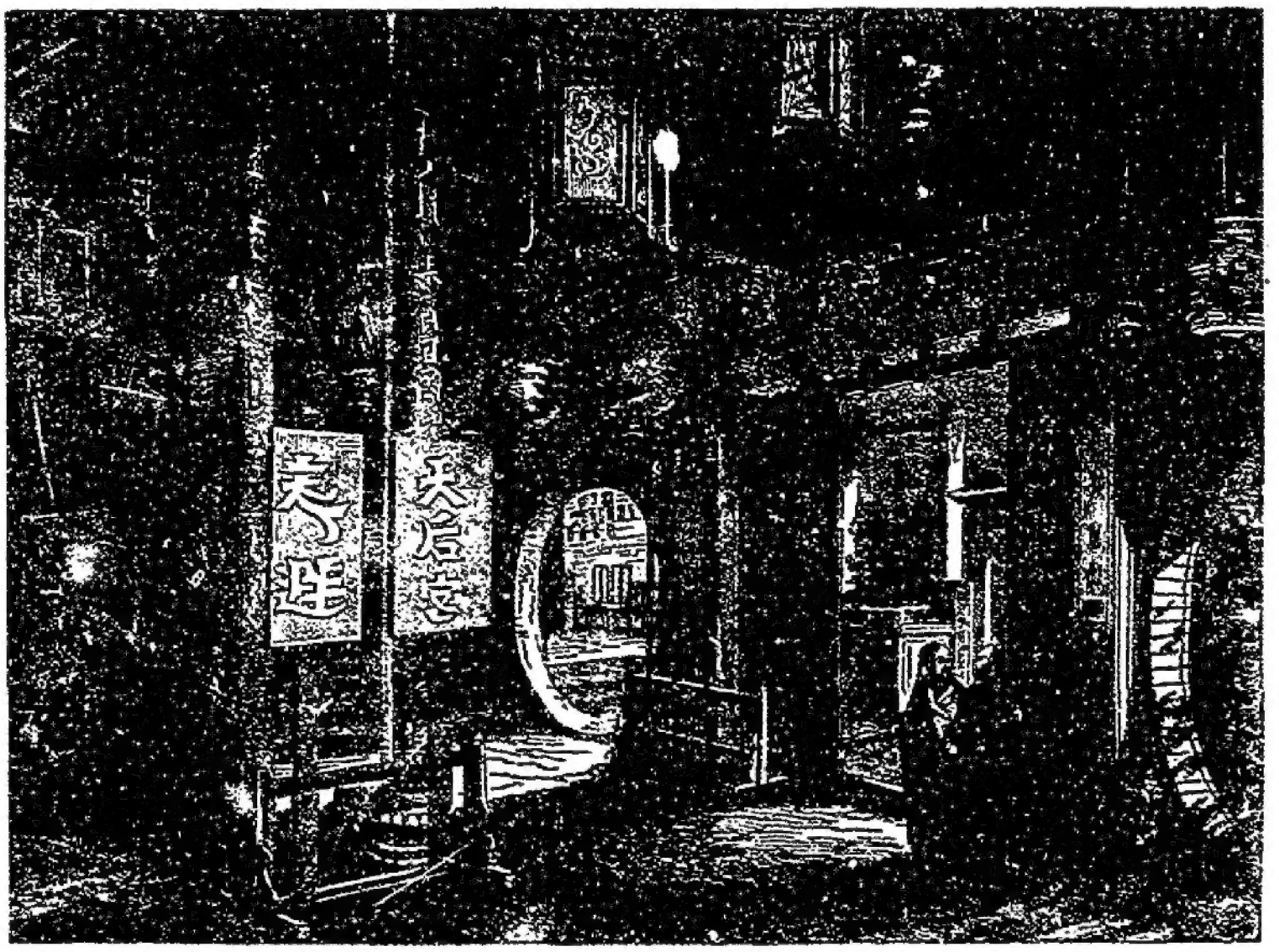
This was the worst thing yet; to have to stand there and hear my mother tell my lie over again for me.

"What!" said my father, vehemently. "This high wind blow anything into the brook?"

"Yes," said my mother, in what I now understand must have been a very meaning tone; "that is the way it happened. Run away, Peggy, dear, and play."

Play! I was thankful to escape out of the room; but I felt no more like playing than I did like drowning myself. I never had felt so miserable in my whole life.

I put on my India rubbers and rolled up my pantalets (in those days all little girls wore long white pantalets down to their ankles). Then I went out, climbed over the stone wall into the orchard, and began looking in the brook after my report. Of course, if I had been older I should have known better. But I was a poor, ignorant, naughty little child, only eight years old, and I hoped I should find the little roll of paper floating along on the water, just as I left it. I found a big, strong stick, and I fished out every little thing I could see in the brook which looked in the least like a bit of paper. It was very cold and wet, and dismal, and before long I got to crying so that I could hardly see anything. It did seem to me too bad that now I really wanted to get the report back and carry it home to my mother I could not find it. Suddenly I made a misstep on the bank where it was covered with snow, and plunged in, both feet, into the water nearly up to my knees. Except for my big stick I hardly could have got out. I was horribly frightened and dripping wet, but there seemed a sort of relief in having a new kind of misery; it put the lie out of my thoughts for a few minutes. I went into the house crying out loud, and, looking like a little half-drowned animal. The muddy water dripped from me as I walked and I left the wet prints of my feet at each step.



THE ANCESTRAL HALL OF A CHINESE MANSION.

"Mercy on me, child! where have you been?" cried my mother. "Don't come a step farther. Stand still right there, till Mary can get off your things."

"I was looking for my report in the brook," sobbed I, "and I fell in; and I can't find it."

Ah, how loving and sympathetic my mother was then. She understood all about it; she knew just how wretched I was.

"Never mind about the report, darling," she said; "let it go. The little fishes can read it if they want to, and make some like it for their schools."

But I was too unhappy to laugh. I only cried the harder. Then they undressed me, put on my flannel night-gown, rolled me all up in blankets, and laid me on the lounge by the fire; and my mother sat down close by me, and began to read aloud a nice fairy story. Pretty soon, in spite of all my unhappiness, I fell asleep, and when I waked up it was about dark. My mother was still sitting by my side. I watched her for some minutes before she knew I was awake. She was sitting with her eyes on the fire, and looked as if she were thinking very hard.

"Oh dear," I thought, "I know what she's thinking about. I don't believe she believes me; but why don't she say so? I should think she'd whip me for telling a lie."

As soon as she saw I had waked, she said:

"Well, my little diver, are you rested?"

Then she told me about the way the divers go down in the sea after pearls, and at the end of the story, she said:

"I guess it wasn't much of a pearl you went diving after, Peggy, was it?"

"No, mamma," said I. "I don't believe it was, as near as I can remember. I think it was a pretty bad report."

She waited in silence for some minutes after this. I think she hoped I would confess the truth to her then. But I was too cowardly. I lay still, with my face turned to the back of the lounge, trying to take a little comfort to myself because I had owned up that the report was not a good one. That was the last time she spoke to me about the report, except the next Monday morning, when I was setting off for school, she said:

"Oh, wait a minute, Peggy. I'll write a note to Miss Caroline, and tell her how you lost your report."

I had not thought of this new occasion for another lie. I stood still by her side while

she wrote the note. Oh, how mean I felt!

"Peggy MacFarland," I said to myself, "you're too mean to live. That's the second time you've let your mother tell over that lie for you. Why don't you own it up, and have it done with."

But the terror of my father's suffering and displeasure sealed my lips.

When Miss Caroline read the note she looked at me very earnestly. Then she said:

"Why, Peggy, your mother says the wind blew your report into the brook. What a pity! You keep all your reports in a little book don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," said I.

"But I think your last week's report wasn't a very good one: it won't be much of a loss to the book, will it?"

"No, ma'am," said I very faintly.

"Ahem!" said Ned Spofford. "Ahem! Ahem!" pretending to have a bad coughing fit. As soon as I looked at him he put his tongue into one cheek, and made such a ridiculous face that I knew in a minute that he did not believe that I really had lost the report.

"Oh dear!" thought I, "I'll have to lie to Ned, too. What shall I do? what shall I do?"

Then he lifted up the lid of his desk, and hiding his face behind it, made a grimace at me in the most insulting manner. I knew then that he thought I had thrown the report away, and I felt about as afraid of him as I was of my father. I began to feel really ill from the long strain on my nerves of all the terror and excitement and shame. I watched the clock in misery, I so dreaded to have recess come. It seemed to me the hands never went round so quickly before. If I had dared I would have staid in my seat and not gone out with the children; but I knew that would only be putting off the evil day; I might as well have it over with; so I ran out with the rest, but tried to keep out of Ned's way. It was no use. He followed me everywhere, saying, in tones of mock sympathy:

"Oh, Miss Peggy, she has lost her report in the sea! What shall we do for her?"

Then all the other children gathered around, and asked how it happened. Not one of them doubted my word except Ned. He was a good deal older than the rest of us. He must have been nearly twelve, I think, and we all looked up to him. He used to draw us on his sled and give us apples. His father was a farmer, and had hundreds of barrels of apples every year.

I despair of giving you a fair idea of my miseries for the next three days. Ned did not let me have one minute's peace,—on the way to school, and from school, and in recess, he always was saying something about that report. I honestly think he did not do this wholly out of mischief; he did it partly to punish me for having done such a mean and cowardly thing as tell a lie. That was a thing he despised; he never had been known to tell one. Even if he knew he would have a whipping, he would own up the very worst piece of mischief he ever did.

On Thursday morning I waked with a bad sore throat. When the doctor came, he said I must stay in bed, and be kept very quiet. I heard my mother tell him about my falling into the brook on Saturday, and then I heard her say:

"I think it is not so much the wetting as it is the excitement the child has been under." And then I wondered still more if she really knew all about it, and if she did why she did not whip me for the lie. I really think nothing would have done so much to comfort me as to have had her give me a very severe punishment of some sort; not that I was not punished every minute, almost more than I could bear, by my own thoughts, but I would have liked to have somebody else punish me too. However, I had not courage to confess the truth.

I was very ill for nearly two weeks. The first day I went to school, Miss Caroline gave me a report made out for the last three days I had been in school, before I was taken ill. It was "all fives," but it was too late. There didn't seem to be any credit in having done anything well, or in having behaved ever so well, so long as I had that lie on my mind. It didn't seem as if a liar had any business with a good report.

My mother was much pleased with it, and at dinner my father said:

"Well done, little daughter! I wonder if you could have kept it up all the week if the sore throat had not come."

After dinner my mother pasted it into the little book. I looked over her shoulder while she did it. She left a blank space above it, just the size for another report, and in that she put the date of that unhappy Saturday, and wrote below it:

"Report for this week drowned in the brook."

Then she said to me:

"Now we always shall remember why there were only three reports for last month."

Then she wrote in two other spaces—

"Absent from school this week on account of illness," and then, kissing me, she said:

"And now we'll begin again, Peggy, with a good fresh start, wont we? Poor little girlie, you look pretty thin."

I began to cry, and was on the point then of telling her all about it. But my miserable cowardice kept the words back. I thought I would tell her some night in the dark. But I never did: week after week passed, and month after month, and year after year; and I grew to be a great girl—ten, eleven, twelve years old—and yet I never had told her.

Every time I saw the page in the book where it was written, "Report for this week drowned in the brook," I felt very unhappy, and resolved that I would tell the truth; but I was a coward; and I kept putting it off, and putting it off, and before I was thirteen my good kind mother died. That is a great many years ago; but I remember it as if it were yesterday; and I remember that when I looked on her face in her coffin I thought about that lie, and wished I had confessed it to her before she died. Now, if my confessing it, at this late day, can make one boy or one girl realize what a wicked, mean, cowardly, sneaking thing it is to tell a lie, and what dreadful misery all liers live in, I shall think I have done something to atone for that wicked Saturday so long ago.

## THE ANCESTRAL HALL OF A CHINESE MANSION.

All the Chinese, whether Confucianists, Buddhists or Tauists, worship the spirits of their deceased parents and ancestors, and offer to them money, food and clothing. This is done before their tablets, which are placed in some recess in the house, or, in the case of the wealthy, in the ancestral hall, which is connected with the family mansion.

The general belief is that the unseen world is very much a copy of this, only that things are spiritualized. The departed spirits are supposed to need food, clothes and money, just as much as they did when they lived in bodies, and it is the duty of their living friends to provide them with these. In order to make them fit for the spirits' use, however, they have to be burnt, and as no Chinaman could afford to supply all his departed ancestors with real clothes and money, they make them of paper. The food which is offered before the ancestral tablets is real, but then that is not wasted, for after it has been there for some little time the spirits are said to have consumed all the spiritual part, and the people feast on the remains.

The Chinese believe that unless they do all this the spirits of their dead relatives will be angry with and bring calamities upon them, and it is believed that nearly two hundred millions of dollars are spent annually in China to quiet the spirits of the dead.

They cling to the ancestral worship more than they do to the worship of idols, and some who have given up the latter still hold to the former. But when they are truly enlightened, through God's blessing upon Christian teaching and preaching, they give up this as well as all the other superstitions to which they have been in bondage. They become new creatures in Christ Jesus, and rejoice in the Gospel of Christ, which has brought life and immortality to light.

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—The tramp nuisance has become a matter of so much importance that it engaged the attention of the Social Science Convention recently held at Saratoga. The subject was ably treated by Professor Wayland, of Yale College. He described the tramp as a "lazy, shiftless, sauntering or swaggering, ill-conditioned, irreclaimable, incorrigible, cowardly, utterly depraved savage." He asserted that decided measures should be adopted for the suppression of this evil, and for that end that all able-bodied men found begging should be considered vagrants, and treated as such by the law.

—Paris has the largest library in the world. It contains now about 2,000,000 volumes, 150,000 manuscripts, 300,000 atlases and maps, 1,500,000 engravings.

## The Family Circle.

### REST

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

*Thou hast made us for thyself and the heart resteth till it findeth rest in thee.—St Augustine*

Made for Thyself, O God!
Made for Thy love, Thy service, Thy delight
Made to show forth Thy wisdom, grace, and might.
Made for Thy praise, whom veiled archangels laud,
O strange and glorious thought, that we may be
A joy to Thee

Yet the heart turns away
From this grand destiny of bliss, and deems
Twas made for its poor self, for passing dreams.
Chasing illusions melting day by day,
Till for ourselves we read on this world's best—
"This is not rest."

Nor can the vain toil cease,
Till in the shadowy mazes of life we meet
One who can guide our erring, wayward feet
To find Himself, our Way, our Life, our Peace.
In Him the long unrest is soothed and stilled,
Our hearts are filled

O rest, so true, so sweet!
(Would it were shared by all the weary world?)
Neath shadowing banner of His love unfurled,
We bend to kiss the Master's pierced feet
Then lean our love upon His boundless breast,
And know God's rest

### THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK

Archy Glib was a bright, clever, amusing boy, a very great favorite at school, and his aged grandparents, with whom he lived, were both fond and proud of him. For Archy used to read aloud to them during the winter evenings, and as he took notice of what he read, and learned his lessons well, he could converse on many subjects better than most boys of his age—for he was just twelve. He was also fond of writing, and the monthly letter that he sent home to his father, mother, and sisters, who lived in Scotland, used to be read aloud to neighbors before it was sent off, and praised by old Mr. and Mrs. Glib with great delight.

Archy Glib, though he was not by any means a mere babbler, had amid his many merits one fault that nearly spoiled all—he was vain of his cleverness.

So Archy generally went home full of news, and liking to hear himself talk, and the attention and praise that he received made him glad to enlarge upon everything he heard and saw, so that he was in danger of making mistakes and even telling falsehoods. Now I do not mean to say that Archy Glib ever meant to say what was not true. But young people who are very talkative have not time to think before they speak, and are liable to utter words in their haste that, without being falsehoods, may do the work of lies.

One day as Archy was returning home he went into a draper's shop to give a message, and having to wait in the back shop he saw a young girl whom he slightly knew buying some very rich silk, and having some lace and other handsome things laid in parcels before her. He knew that Anna Baines was going away shortly to live in a distant town, and was therefore not surprised to hear her ask anxiously, "Are you sure this silk will wear well?" "Oh yes, Miss, you may be sure it will."

There was then something said that he did not hear, for the master of the shop came to take Archy's message, and then home he went as fast as his legs could carry him; and on entering the parlor where his grandmother sat, he ran up to her, and after telling her he had been where she had sent him and given her message, he began with, And what do you think I saw there? Why, Anna Baines buying her new things to take away with her. Oh, such a heap of fine things finer than I ever saw any of the Baines's wear. I thought they were very poor. I felt quite glad that they are so well off that Anna can buy silk like your very best dress."

"Poor?" said old Mr. Glib, who had come in while Archy was speaking. Why of course they are poor—at least they say so. He sat down with a displeased look on his face, and calling Archy to him, made many enquiries about these purchases. Archy, who had told about them merely to please his grandmother, who rather liked to hear about dresses and such matters, was rather surprised at his grandfather's questions, and knowing him to be careful and what is called a close man, the boy, to save Anna from being thought careless or extravagant, related how she had enquired about the wearing qualities of what she was buying. He grew quite talkative on that point, and said a great many more words than he had really heard.

"How natural, to be sure, the child tells it," said the old lady, adding, "There's no one tells a thing so well as our Archy."

"It's a pity he has such a thing as this to tell," said Mr. Glib.

"Why, grandfather!" cried the astonished boy, but the old man made no other answer than to call for his hat and stick and go out.

Archy somehow felt rather sad, but he had his lessons to prepare, and hurried them over, for there were friends coming, and he knew his grandmother would want him to recite some pieces.

Ah! he little knew the harm his long tongue had done that night. Mr. Baines, Anna's father, had been for some time unfortunate in business, owing to sickness and other troubles. In order to pay his rent, and get some money to go on with, he had asked Mr. Glib, as an old acquaintance, to help him, and it was agreed that he and another neighbor should unite in lending him what he needed. Anna, Mr Baines's eldest daughter, was going as teacher to a distant school. Now it happened that old Mr. Glib was a rather suspicious man, and he was ready to think poor Baines had not been prudent, so now, when he heard Archy's tale, he felt sure that the plea of poverty was used merely to get help which Baines either did not want or did not deserve and so he went to his neighbor, told him what Archy had seen at the draper's, and they resolved that they would not help a man who, while he was pleading poverty, let his daughter spend money in finery.

The apostle says, "The tongue is a fire" (James iii. 6) Yes, it is often a warming fire—cheering, comforting, delighting. It is sometimes a purifying fire—kindling all that is good in the mind, and making the thoughts rise like flames heavenward. But it is too often a withering, consuming fire—blackening every thought, and spreading by bad or foolish words evil all around.

The week after there was a sad scene at Baines's house—his goods were seized for rent. He could not think why the friends who had promised to help him coldly refused to do so, and Anna Baines, who had not gone to her situation—indeed, could not go for want of means—called in great distress to ask what her father had done to forfeit the good opinion of Mr. and Mrs. Glib. It was Wednesday Archy's half-holiday, and he sat in the window seat when the poor girl was shown in, little knowing—for he had never been told—what happened to Mr. Baines.

He was not accustomed to be sent away when callers came, and so, screened by the window curtains, he remained holding a book in his hand, and he heard his grandfather's rather stiff salutation and words of cold surprise that Miss Baines had not left.

When the poor girl, bursting into tears said she had "not the means," Mr. Glib shifted his spectacles, looked at her and said—

"Not the means! Then why did you buy such an outfit?"

"Silks—and laces," added the old lady

"*I*!—Never," cried the astonished girl

"Now pray do be truthful—our grandson saw you. He was in the shop Archy, are you sitting there? Come here and tell what you saw last Thursday."

Archy, for about the first time in his life, flushed with confusion, it darted into his mind that there might be a mistake, and so he began stammering out what had already been told, but Anna soon stopped him by saying in surprise "Last Thursday! I was executing a commission for a lady who employed me to do some work for her, and who, being poorly herself, thought well of my judgment and sent me to buy for her. Oh, Mr. Glib—oh, sir! how could you ever think I was buying such things for myself? Dear, dear! this then has been the ruin of my poor father." She could not go on for crying, and Archy, flinging himself down on his knees before his grandfather's chair, cried out.

"Mr. Baines ruined? Oh, what have I done. It is my mistake, grandfather. There was something said that I did not hear."

"A mistake, sir!" said his grandfather, very sternly. "What do you mean? Either it is the truth—or a lie."

"It is true that I bought them, said Miss Baines.

"It was my mistake saying that she bought them for herself," sobbed Archy.

"Then you are a chatterer, and worse—a mischief-maker. Your tongue has made me do an unjust thing to a neighbor in distress. Come with me and beg his pardon."

Archy had never seen his grandfather so angry, and his poor grandmother was actually crying. The boy in great trouble—for he felt how wrong he had been, and was ashamed of the public disgrace he had brought on himself—went at old Mr Glib's side, looking very sad and downcast.

At Mr. Baines's house he saw the distress of a whole family. The mother weak from recent illness, was lying on a mattress on the floor with her younger children round her, and Mr. Baines was walking up and down the room as if his senses were going with trouble, and the broker's men were putting up the goods in lots to take them away to a sale-room.

Never to his dying day would Archy forget that scene. He went up weeping and put his hands into Mr. Baines's, saying in a sad voice:

"Pray forgive me, sir, I am very sorry."

And then the whole was told. Mr Glib adding, "My grandson, by his thoughtless speech, has done you an injury. I will try to undo it as far as I can. I cannot make amends for the great pain he has caused—you and your family, but I can send these men away at once, and we will talk of other matters upon their departure."

He stepped into the passage and sent the men off instantly, and then returned just as Mr. Baines was putting his hand on Archy's head and saying, "I forgive you, my boy but you must ask God's forgiveness."

"Yes," said the grandfather, returning and kneeling down; "let us pray for pardon for the past, and wisdom for the future."

I do not think that any one there forgot the prayer which was offered up. Mr. Baines was reinstated, and the family rescued from poverty.—*Band of Hope Review*

### "LIKE AS A FATHER PITIETH."

BY FANNY ROPER FEUDGE.

He was a rough sort of a fellow, "a hard case," people called him; and it did seem as if none of the ordinary influences that move other men had any effect upon Tim Watson. But beneath the grime of face and apparel, and quite hidden by the rough manners and outward speech, there was a soft place in Tim's heart, that throbbed warmly in memory of a gentle-voiced woman now sleeping beneath the daisies; and tenderly as a woman's, for the fragile flower that had lain on her bosom for a single hour, and then was bequeathed, with her dying embrace, to the stricken husband she left so utterly desolate. The years had passed and the puny baby had grown into a fair-haired lassie, every feature the very image of her mother's, but the little form was weak and shrunken, and the child had never taken its first step. "A spinal affection," it was whispered, and the crones said, "Poor Elsie is calling her wee bairn, and it will never walk till it gets hold of its mother's hand." But nobody durst question the father, who was never seen to smile but when he looked into his child's eyes.

Except for the presence of the old dame who provided for the comfort of the father and child, the two lived alone, in their little cottage on the outskirts of the little village. All offers of neighborly kindness had been coldly declined by the father from the first, and no one knew aught of the life of the strange stern man, save that every hour he was not at work he spent with his child, and that he never entered his cottage empty-handed. A child's carriage, a wheeled chair with dainty cushions, and every cunning device in the way of toys that could while away the tedium of the lonely and suffering hours of an invalid child, found their way into the cottage; but though the little one was always neatly and comfortably clad, Tim looked grim and grimy as ever, and there was little love between him and his neighbors. The minister had called twice, but Tim had each time met *him* at the door, and even gruffly declined his visits. Then came the minister's wife, with her gentle voice and winning ways, but she had no better success; and last of all a kind-hearted old lady tried to force an entrance, armed with picture cards and bonbons for the baby. Still Tim refused to surrender.

About this time there was a series of meetings being held in the village church; and many, hitherto indifferent to sacred things, had found pardon and peace in believing in Jesus.

Little Elsie loved music; and enough of the sound of the sweet hymns had floated in at the cottage windows to cause the little sufferer to long for a nearer taste. The child's lightest wish was law in that little household; and never in all her brief three years of life had the stern father said his darling nay to any expressed desire. So, when little Elsie, with arms about Tim's neck, said: "Father, won't you take me over there, where I can hear the singing better?" he walked sturdily out of his own door across the common and into the little church, without a word or probably a thought of dissent, never pausing until he had gained a back seat, and deposited his little charge in a comfortable corner when for the first time, the novelty of their position occurred to him. He had never before entered the sanctuary since his wife's death, and he had vowed that he never would do this homage to Him who had so grievously afflicted him. But he was here now chained fast by the will of a little child, and he could only submit. Listen he would not, so he resolutely resolved, he would lose both heart and ears against the unwelcome sounds. For a time he did so, but when, after the singing, the minister, in slow and reverent tones, read the 103d Psalm, somehow, in spite of all Tim's efforts and resolves, he caught the words, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." He must have heard the words before and read them, too, in the old days of long ago, but they were new now, and the astonished man repeated them over and over again. Pity from the Lord toward his dependent creatures how strange it seemed! He had thought of God only as an omnipotent tyrant and he had hated him all the more that he had felt so utterly powerless to cope with this great Being.

But the minister had said, "The Lord pitieth them that fear him," and how? "Like as a father." Ah, he knew what that meant—the tender, loving, all-absorbing yearning of a great, strong nature to shield from suffering a little, weak, frail being that was all the world to him: to long to bear, if he only might do so, every pain in his own person, so that she, the helpless one, might go free; to labor cheerfully and spend every dollar that no wish of her's might go ungratified, to spend long, sleepless nights watching and tending the little frail sufferer, who did not even comprehend and could not possibly repay his unselfish devotion; tooling to her all the more that she was weak and sickly and deformed, and to enshrine her image in his very heart of hearts, and shield and succor and cherish this helpless little one, because she was his and there was no one else to love and pity and protect her.

Was it thus that God loved the creatures that he had formed? Could it be possible that the great, all-powerful, holy being, that had seemed to him so far off, could stoop to "pity" the sons of men, to pity them even as he pitied the little child he lived for, and for whom he would willingly have died to save her one hour of suffering? Had this God been really pitying him all this time, while his heart was so full of bitterness and enmity? Had one so high and holy known of his great sorrow, and yearned, with a father's loving heart, to save even him alike from sin and suffering? Yes, he saw it all now. A great sermon had been preached right into his dark, sinful heart, but it was not from the pulpit, nor was that minister the preacher. God himself had spoken to the dead heart, the Holy Spirit had opened the blind eyes and unstopped the ears so long deaf to the Father's loving call. Tim had not heard another word the minister uttered after that wonderful text, and he knew as little of the remaining portion of the exercises as did little Elsie, who lulled by the soft harmony of the music, lay sweetly sleeping on the cushion where her father had placed her. Tim raised her in his strong arms with a newborn joy struggling for utterance, and as he clasped his child, now a thousand times dearer than ever, to his throbbing heart, he knew that he had found a Father.—*Christian Weekly.*

### RAG-TAG SALLY.

BY TALLYCORAM

"Bunch of rags! bunch of rags!" cried a group of well-dressed boys, whose neat clothing bore marks of a mother's care, as a ragged, forlorn child passed them, with a basket of oranges on her brown, bare arm.

The tears ran down and made two little gutters on either dirty cheek.

"Please let me by," she said, pitifully, as they formed a ring round her.

"Oho, rag-tag! What's your name? Tell me quick, or I'll"—and the rough boy grasped her arm fiercely.

"Here, bunch of rags, ain't you going to shout?" said another, as he helped himself to the best orange in the basket. The others followed his example.

"Oh, please, please, don't," pleaded Sally. "Granther'll beat me if I don't bring home any money."

"Well, you deserve to be beaten, you tattered rag-bag," said Bob Snow. "Wonder how much you'd bring at the junk-dealer's."

"She'd make a better scare-crow. Let's carry her over to Waggin's cornfield. I'll bet she'd scare the crows," said Fred Graves.

No sooner said than done. Up through the back alleys of the busy town they dragged the frightened child, until they came out to the open country. Farmer Waggin's corn rustled and waved in the wind.

A gnarled old apple-tree stood in one corner of the field. Hither these cruel boys hurried, and taking some strong cord from their pockets, they proceeded to bind poor Sally fast.

"Oh, let me go, let me go," she wailed.

But a mocking laugh and jeering words greeted her.

Suddenly a loud, deep bark was heard, and a great dog rushed upon them. The boys fled

poll mall from their victim, leaving terrified Sally alone with the savage mastiff.

She struggled with the half-tied cords, and freeing herself, sprang up the tree in a twinkling.

The baffled dog growled and barked, and walked round and round the tree in his rage. One of the farm hands heard him, and thinking he had treed some animal, he left his scythe and came through the corn-field.

His surprise was very great when he saw poor Sally.

"Well, little 'un," he said gruffly, "what's all this mean?"

Sally told him all, and he "Oh"-ed and "Ah"-ed, and said grimly, "Well, you're a queer un." He sent the dog off and bade Sally jump down.

"Well, ye are rather a ragged lass," he said "Hain't you got a better gown?"

"No, sir! But I wish I had."

Honest Jim stood a moment in perplexity, looking down on the dirty little figure. Then he said, "Well, come along to my home," and he led the way to a neat white house across the meadow.

His wife was just taking her nicely browned bread from the oven.

"Sakes's alive! What have you there, Jim?" she exclaimed, as she caught sight of Sally.

"Well, Phœbe, I s'pose I am rather foolish, but I didn't have the heart to let this young un go back to town without putting something clean on her," and he told about Sally and the boys.

"Poor, tormented child," said the motherly Phœbe. "But how dreadful dirty she is!"

"Well, put her in a tub and scrub her. I must be back to my mowing," and Jim walked off whistling.

Phœbe looked at Sally as if she hardly knew where to commence, but with Katie's help the child was soon washed and her tangled curls brushed out.

"Why, ma'am, she's quite purty!" said the delighted Katie. "But what shall we put on her?"

Sure enough. The ragged dress was past wearing. Mrs. Phœbe hesitated. Upstairs in the front-room the bureau drawers were full of a child's dresses and other clothes laid carefully away in lavender. Slowly Phœbe climbed the stairs, and kneeling down, unlocked and opened the lower drawer.

"Oh, I cannot, I cannot," she murmured, as a vision of the laughing girl, with merry blue eyes, who used to wear them, came to her. "I cannot dress this stray waif in darling Bessie's clothes," and she leaned her face against a little blue-sprigged calico dress and wept hot tears. "But the child must be dressed, I suppose. Perhaps she is one of the 'naked' come to my door in the name of Christ—one of the least of the little ones. For His dear sake," she said—and carried down some of the dead child's clothes.

Sally uttered a cry of delight when she saw herself in the glass, and could scarcely express her gratitude to Mrs. Phœbe.

When Jim came to dinner Sally stood in the doorway.

"Why, what pretty lass is this?" he asked. "You've worked wonders, wifey. But it must have tugged on your heart-strings a little to put one of Bessie's frocks on her," and the rough farmer's eyes filled with tears as he caressed his wife's cheek and hair with his hard hand.

"It was for our blessed Lord's sake," she whispered.

Sally pleaded to stay with Mrs. Phœbe, and help her about the house; and as she had taken a liking to the child, Jim went to "Granther," and obtained permission for Sally to remain. But before a year had slipped by, she had found such a deep place in their hearts that they adopted her. She went to school, and if you could see Sally now you would never recognize in her the tattered, pitiful child whom the boys called "rag-tag Sally."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me"—*Zion's Herald.*

## TYROLESE DANCING.

Mr. Baillie Grohman gives us an account of a wedding which he attended in Brandenburg, a little Alpine hamlet in the valley of the same name. He had to traverse a narrow bridle-path, which was covered with snow to the depth of three, and in some places four or five, feet, it was a seven hours' battle with the snow before he reached the inn of the village, in which the weddings are always held. He was moved to overcome these difficulties because he had promised to honor the wedding of a charming young peasant-girl with a special *protégé* of his own. "Countless outstretched hands," he says, "brawny and muscular, small and plump, clean and dirty, were immediately stretched out to greet me." It was Sunday, and the eve of the wedding, the bar-room, or *Gaststube*, was filled with young and old, fair and ugly Brandenburgers. It is not usually the custom to dance on the eve of the wedding-day, but, at his special request, his old patron, the "Herr Vicar," very soon put the musicians at work. In the dancing-room he was immediately surrounded by a group of young fellows offering him, as a mark of courtesy, their bright eyed lasses. Finding a choice easy, he was soon dancing the *pas seul*—that is, one dance round the room, while the other couples line the walls and fall in at its termination. In Brandenburg, and in some other valleys, the male dancer encircles the waist of his partner with both arms, while she embraces him with both arms round the neck. For the first few minutes of every dance the motion of the whole group is slow, and the floor trembles beneath the iron-shod shoes of these immense fellows. Suddenly the music changes, and with it the entire aspect of the room. The man, letting go his partner, begins a series of gymnastic capers and jumps: their heavy frames display an unlooked-for agility. One of the commonest movements is to throw one's self on one's knees, fold both arms over the chest, and bend backward till the back of the head touches the floor, and gives a few sounding raps on the hard boards, then, with one jerk, the man regains his erect position without touching the floor with his hands. In another movement the man kneels down and with his bare knees beats a sounding rat-ta-ta-tat on the floor. To jump high up in the air and come down upon the knees with full force is very common. All these capers are accompanied with loud, shrill whistling and peculiar smacking sounds of the lips and tongue, in imitation of the sounds made by the black-cock and capercailzie. The sounding slaps on the muscular thighs and on the iron-shod soles of the heavy shoes by their great, horny hands, the crowing, loud shouts, snatches of song, intermingled with shrill whistling and furious stamping of the feet with the greatest possible force upon the floor, produce a prodigious din.

In Brandenburg and one or two other Tyrolese valleys which have a particularly muscular fair sex, the girl at the conclusion of her partner's feats, catches him by his braces, and, aided by a corresponding jerky action of the man, hoists him up bodily. The youth balancing himself with both hands on her shoulders, treads the ceiling of the low room to the music, while she continues her dance round the floor. The men are strapping fellows, and it must be muscular young women who can perform this feat. There are sometimes four or five men hoisted at a time, and the singular spectacle adds much to the striking appearance of the ball-room. The girls are fond of smoking, and are seen treading the paces of the dance with a pipe or cigar between their lips.—*From Appletons' Journal for September.*

## EDUCATION AT FOURTEEN.

I cannot make it too clear that, while I would utterly banish from education before fourteen the studies which are generally, but often quite falsely, relied upon to give accuracy, I attach to accuracy the greatest possible importance, and would make it an iron rule never, on any account or consideration, to pass over anything until it was thoroughly mastered. To pretend that studies other than the ordinary ones cannot be mastered as thoroughly as ever was the Greek grammar by some wretched boy who had to learn it by heart in Latin, is to talk sheer nonsense. A superficial smattering of knowledge is one thing, a real though only general and elementary knowledge is another. The first is useless, the second is often of the greatest importance.

We have, then, a child at fourteen possessed of the following moderate, but highly useful, acquirements:—

1. He can read aloud clearly and agreeably.
2. He can write a large, distinct, round hand.
3. He knows the ordinary rules of arithmetic, especially compound addition—a by no means universal accomplishment.
4. He can speak and write French with ease and correctness, and has some slight acquaintance with French literature.
5. He can translate *ad aperturam libri* from an ordinary French or German book.
6. He has a thoroughly good elementary knowledge of geography, under which are comprehended some notions of astronomy, enough to excite his curiosity for a knowledge of the very broadest facts of geology and history: enough to make him understand, in a clear but perfectly general way, how the larger features of the world he lives in, physical and political, came to be like what they are.
7. He has been trained from earliest infancy to use his powers of observation on plants or animals, or rocks, or other natural objects; and has gathered a general acquaintance with what is most supremely good in that portion of the more important English classics which is suitable to his time of life.
8. He has some rudimentary acquaintance with drawing and music.

Now, there is not one of these acquirements which is not of vast moment to every educated man, and the whole is a *sine qua non* as a foundation for the other subjects with which an accomplished man of the world should be acquainted. Thus much, I think, should be part of the mental assets of any one who goes into any of the higher callings of life, always excepting the navy, for which the special training must nowadays begin so early.—*Grant Duff, in the "Fortnightly."*

## THE ORIGIN OF NAMES

Much antiquarian research has been expended on the original import of particular surnames, and the precise reason of their existence, but the subject is one respecting which ignorance predominates over knowledge. In many cases the philological investigator is baffled, the accidents that gave rise to these appellatives being so numerous, so endlessly diversified, and so entirely fortuitous, that in a large number of instances no clue is left by which he can arrive at a satisfactory explanation. It not unfrequently happens that, after a few generations, collateral branches of the same stock are the possessors of names entirely different from one another. Corruptions of this description may be seen in the names of Clerk changed into Clark, Person into Parson, Keymish into Cawmiss, the old Scottish surname Houg into Hogg, Rud into Rudd, Reed, Read, &c., &c. In olden times the orthoepy of proper names was considered to be of far more importance than the orthography, to which fact their unsettled character is no doubt mainly due. Let us take as an example the extraordinary variety of spelling with which the name of the immortal Shakespeare is associated. It is known to most persons that a very bitter literary war was once waged on this subject, and with no very satisfactory result. In the register of Stratford Church the name is written Shakspere, but other documents exist wherein it is found to be spelt Shakspear, Shackspeare, and Shakespeare. Another instance of a like description is the name of Sir Walter Raleigh. In his "Curiosities of Literature," Disraeli admits that he is unable to pronounce as to the correct orthography, as it is found spelt in no less than five different ways—viz., Raleigh, Raleigh, Rawleigh, Raweley, and Rawly. Its proper pronunciation is, however, determined by a curious historical incident, which Disraeli relates as follows.—"When Sir Walter was first introduced to James I., on the king's arrival in England, with whom, being united with an opposition party, he was no favorite, the Scottish monarch gave him this broad reception, 'Rawly, Rawly! true enough, for I think of thee very Rawly, mon!'" It is no exaggeration to say that the orthography of proper names was at one time so unsettled that many persons were actually at a loss how to write their own names. Little more than 200 years ago—1660—a certain Dr. Crovne spelt his name in six different ways, evidence of which is to be found in printed books now extant. These varieties were—Cron, Croon, Crown, Crone, Croone, and Crorne. Butler, the author of "Hudibras," was occasionally designated in print as Botelor; and Fuller records that the name of Villiers was spelt in fourteen different ways in the family deeds. It is not unusual, even to this day, for Highlanders to change their names upon change of residence, or of landlord—a fact which may be illustrated by a short anecdote. An English gentleman travelling in the wilds of Scotland secured a Highlander as guide, and as the man's face seemed familiar to him, asked if his name was not MacPherson. "No," replied the guide, "my name is Gordon." "Indeed! when I was shooting a few years since at a little distance from this place, surely you called yourself MacPherson?" "Yes," answered the Highlander, "that's quite true, but then I lived on the other side of the hill." Observation and inquiry would probably discover an infinite number of similar appellative transformations. There can be no question but that the imposition of surnames was not originally directed by any certain principles, but just as fancy or circumstance happened to decide. We are told by Verstigan that "Divers of our ancestors took their surnames by reason of their abode in or near some place of note, where they settled themselves and planted their earning families, as within towns or fenced places, or at a wood, a hill, a field, a green, a brook, a pond, a lake, or the like. Whereby, in example, Robert of or at the Green was so called because he dwelt on or by a green, afterwards the preposition *of* became by vulgar haste to be *a*, when instead of Robert *of* Green, he was called Robert *a* Green; and the *a*, at last, quite left out, he remained only Robert Green: the like may be said of others in like manner."

A large number of names derive their origin from the seasons, as Winter and Spring, many others from the elements, as Frost, Snow, Flood, good or bad fortune, points of the compass, as North, South, East, West; dignities, offices, agriculture, utensils, and astronomy, and also from animals, as Wolf, Lamb, Lyon, Catt; vegetables, minerals, colors, arms, &c. But by far the most numerous class of surnames are those which had their rise in certain trades or professions, of which a few are—Webster, a weaver; Bailly, a bailiff; Fletcher, a maker of arrows (from the French *fleche*), Tucker, a cloth fuller, to say nothing of the very obvious Butcher, Baker, Carpenter, Taylor, &c. A search in the old statute-books will furnish plenty of such names, as Robertus de Bakester (Baxter?), Simon Ironmonger, John Daylaborer, &c. Another very fertile source of derivation was from places, as Gilbertus Anglicus, Godefridus de Maunville, Henricus de Hessia, Guliemus Parisiensis, &c., and most of the names terminating in *by*, *ham*, *ton*, and *ville*, belong to this class. Further, a large number of surnames were originally patronymics—that is to say, names formed by the addition of son, or some other word expressive of a similar relation to the paternal name. The Normans thus superadded *fitz* (the old French for *fils*), as Fitz-Allen, Fitz-Gerald, Fitz-Walter, the Irish O, as O'Donnell; the Scotch *Mac*, as MacDougall, and the Welsh *Ap*, as Apthomas. It was once remarked to the writer as curious that Ben should be such a common name among the Hebrews, and considerable surprise was manifested when it was pointed out that it was originally a prefix, Ben-Hadad meaning simply the son of Hadad.

It is difficult to believe that any nation of men absolutely nameless has ever existed, although report says that the ancient Scythians used no names at all. Travellers in Africa have also asserted that in some African tribes names are unknown, except as regards the oldest man, who is known (we should say disrespectfully) as the Old Boy—*Cassell's Magazine.*

## CHOOSE YOUR FRIENDS

"Do you see Harry walking with John Dickson, the boy who stole the money from our till?" said a master one day to his manager.

"Yes, sir, I did," was the reply.

"Then be particular to check his accounts, and keep an eye on him."

So you see, boys, we are often known by the friends we keep. A great man who well understood boys, and the way they ought to be brought up, made a point of always observing what companions they chose. "Nothing," said he, "so well tells the changes in a boy's character."

## SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

XXVII.

In the *initials* placed aright,
Appears that spot of memory sweet,
Where He who dwelt as man on earth,
Loved with his followers to meet.

1. My wicked wiles could not avail
God's servant to dismay.

2. In bitterness of soul I knelt,
Before the Lord to pray.

3. Beside a river's bank I stood,
And viewed a wondrous sight.

4. To me a crown of gold was given
And robes of blue and white.

5. In time of danger I concealed
God's prophets in a cave.

6. In vain to Egypt did I fly,
My threatened life to save.

7. With saddened heart I left the land,
Where those I loved were late.

8. In Pekah King of Israel's days,
I did his land invade.

9. A city I must first besiege,
Ere I my wife could win.

10. I trembled at my prisoner's words,
Yet would not leave my sin.

11. My giant strength became as nought
Opposed to God's great might

12. My tribe was chosen by the Lord,
To serve Him day and night.

13. As musing in the field I walked,
I saw my bride draw near.

14. I would not, at my lord's command,
Before His court appear.

15. My harsh reproofs but served to add
Unto my friend's great woe.

16. I perished on the battle-field,
But not by sword or foe,
My own right hand the weapon held,
Which made my life-blood flow.

## SCHOLARS' NOTES.

*(From the International Lessons for 1877, by Edwin W Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)*

LESSON XIX.

NOVEMBER 4.]

PAUL BEFORE FELIX. [About 58 A. D.]

READ Acts xxiv 10-25. RECITE vs. 22-25.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—John v 25-47 *T.*—1 Cor ix. 16-27 *W.*—Matt. xxv. 31-46 *Th.*—Rev. xx 6-15 *F.*—Prov. i. 20-33. *Sa.*—Luke xiii. 18-30 *S.*—Acts xxiv. 10-25

GOLDEN TEXT.—And as he reasoned of righteousness temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled.—Acts xxiv 25.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Sinners put off repentance.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—A party of the Jews banded themselves together to kill Paul The chief captain was informed of the plot, and sent his prisoner away under guard to Cæsarea The Jewish party came down and preferred charges against Paul before Felix A pleader named Tertullus made the accusation Paul defended himself.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—From the verses preceding the lesson fix in mind the three charges made against Paul by Tertullus Note how Paul meets each charge.

NOTES.—*Judge* The governors of provinces exercised the chief judicial office personally *Felix*, a manumitted slave and a favorite of the Emperor Claudius, made procurator of Judea A. D. 52: subdued the banditti (hence the compliment in Acts xxiv 2), married three princesses in succession, of whom Drusilla was one. He was artful, cruel and lustful and Tacitus said of him. He wielded the sceptre of a monarch with the soul of a slave. *Drusilla*, one of the three daughters of Herod Agrippa I., married Azizus, king of Emesa, enticed away from her husband to become the wife of Felix, about twenty years old at this time and famous for her beauty, perished with her son Agrippa in an eruption of Vesuvius 79 A. D.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) PAUL'S DEFENCE. (II.) FELIX'S INDECISION.

[Observe that the charges (vs. 5, 6) were:

1. *Sedition*, which Paul answers in vs. 12 13.
2. *Heresy*, " " " 14-16.
3. *Sacrilege*, " " " 17-21.]

I. PAUL'S DEFENCE (10.) MANY YEARS, between six and seven years, JUDGE, see Notes. (11.) KNOWEST CANST UNDERSTAND, can easily learn. TWELVE DAYS in which you need to investigate my conduct; WENT UP, from this very place, Cæsarea, TO WORSHIP, not to incite sedition (12.) RAISING UP THE PEOPLE gathering a mob (14.) HERESY, a sect, school, or party, as in v 5 (15.) THEY THEMSELVES, these very men who accuse me. (16.) EXERCISE MYSELF, strive, exert myself, as in gymnastic exercises. Compare 1 Cor. ix 27. (17.) MANY several, about four years: ALMS, compare Rom. xv 25, 26: 1 Cor xvi 1-4. 2 Cor. viii. 1-4; OFFERINGS, Acts xxi 26 (19.) OBJECT, accuse me. (20.) THESE SAME HERE, Ananias and the elders, v 1 (21.) VOICE, utterance.

1. QUESTIONS.—Before what judge was Paul now on trial? Who were his accusers? State the three charges. vs. 5, 6 How was Paul invited to speak? State the opening words of his defence. What qualifications had Felix for judging? How did Paul refute the charge of sedition? How the charge of heresy? What hope had he? For what did he exert himself? State his refutation of the third charge. For what had he come to Jerusalem? Who assaulted him? What ought they to have done? v 19. Whom was Paul willing to have testify? v 20 What had he said in the council?

II. FELIX'S INDECISION (22.) THAT WAY, the Christian religion, DEFERRED THEM, dismissed them without giving a decision, KNOW THE UTTERMOST, fully inquire into (23.) LIBERTY, indulgence. (24.) FELIX DRUSILLA see Notes. (25.) REASONED, discoursed RIGHTEOUSNESS, justice, TEMPERANCE, restraint of all the passions; TREMBLED, became afraid because of his wickedness, see Notes.

II. QUESTIONS.—Why did Felix postpone his decision? Upon what pretext? What order give concerning Paul? With whom did he next come to hear the apostle? What did Paul preach about? State the effect upon Felix. His reply

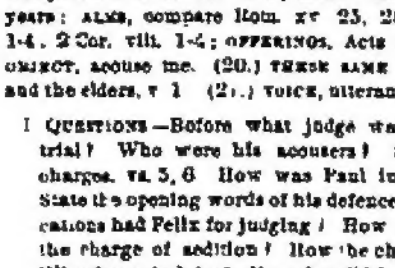
What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) How good men may repel false charges?

(2.) How faithful preaching alarms sinners?

(3.) How sinners put off repentance?

ILLUSTRATIONS.—*Procrastination Breeding.* Faith in tomorrow instead of in Christ is Satan's nurse for man's perdition.—*Dr. Chevever.* The road of by and by leads to the town of never.—*Spanish Proverb.* This day is a day of mercy: to-morrow may be a day of doom.—*Edward Irving.* To be always intending a new life, but never to find time to set about it—this is as if a man should put off eating and drinking and sleeping, from one day and night to another till he is starved and destroyed.—*Tillotson.* It will not always be summer.—*Hesiod.*



AN EASTERN COURT.

*Procrastination, Childish.*—A girl of nine years was asked by her pastor if she was not ready to join the church. "I have put it off long enough," was her reply.—*Foster's Cyclopedia.*

LESSON XX.

NOVEMBER 11.]

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA. [About 60 A. D.]

READ Acts xxvi 6-20. RECITE vs 15-18

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Jer. xxxiii. 14-26. *T.*—Luke ii 25-40 *W.*—1 Tim i. 12-20 *Th.*—Acts ix 1-22 *F.*—2 Cor. iv 3-18. *Sa.*—Matt xviii 1-20 *S.*—Acts xxvi 6-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.—Acts xxvi 19

CENTRAL TRUTH.—God's call must be obeyed

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Paul was kept a prisoner at Cæsarea for two years Acts xxiv 27, when Felix was succeeded by Porcius Festus, in A. D. 60. The Jews accused Paul before Festus. Paul asserted his innocence, refused to be judged at Jerusalem, and appealed to Cæsar. Agrippa and Bernice paid Festus a visit, and Paul was brought before them.

NOTES.—*Agrip'pa.* This was Herod Agrippa II., brother of Drusilla and Bernice, a man of extraordinary accomplishments, according to Josephus; made king Chalcis with the right of appointing the Jewish high priests; promoted to the tetrarchy of Trachonitis, etc., which yielded him an income of $125,000 per year; had a palace at Jerusalem, but was residing at his capital, Cæsarea Philippi, with Bernice, when Festus arrived in the other Cæsarea, on the sea-coast. *Naz'a reth*, in Lower Galilee, sixty-six miles north of Jerusalem. Now a Turkish town of from 5,000 to 10,000 inhabitants, called *En Nasira. Da-mas'cus*, said to be "the oldest city in the world," situated 133 miles north-east of Jerusalem *Hebrew tongue*, perhaps the ancient Hebrew, still the sacred language, more probably the corrupted Hebrew spoken after the captivity, called the Syro-Chaldaic or Aramaean. *Pricks*, the ox-goads used by the Oriental farmers, eight or ten feet long, and terminating in a sharp point. *Coasts of Judea*, the borders or bounds of Judea the southern division of the Holy Land, and including the whole region thus bounded.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) PAUL THE JEW. (II.) PAUL THE CHRISTIAN.

I. PAUL THE JEW (6.) AN JUDGED, put on trial; PROMISE, of the Messiah, Gen. xii 3, xxii. 18, xlix. 10; Deut. xviii. 15, 2 Sam. vii. 12, Isa vii. 14, ix. 6, 7, Jer. xxiii. 6; Mal. iii. 1, and in many other passages. (7.) TWELVE TRIBES, the whole Jewish Church. Comp. James i. 1, INSTANTLY, intently, SERVING GOD, in the temple ordinances and worship. comp. Luke ii. 37; AGRIPPA, see Notes. (8.) WITH YOU, a plural form, you who hear me, SHOULD RAISE THE DEAD, when your own Scriptures teach it. (9.) OUGHT, that it was my duty; MANY THINGS, as much as possible. (10.) I ALSO DID, in the great persecution Acts viii. 1-3; SAINTS, holy ones, voice vote, perhaps as a member of the Sanhedrim, although this is doubted. (11.) IN EVERY SYNAGOGUE, scourging was inflicted in the synagogues, Matt. x. 17; xxiii. 34, Mark xiii 9, Acts xxii. 19; COMPELLED, tried to make them blaspheme. STRANGE, foreign cities, outside the Holy Land. (12.) WHEREUPON, or, "in which things" (being engaged.)

I. QUESTIONS.—Before whom was Paul now pleading? State how he began his address. For what was he now on trial? v. 5-6 State some of the Old Testament promises of a Messiah? How were the twelve tribes waiting for the fulfilment? What seemed incredible to Paul's hearers? What did Paul think it was his duty to do? How did he persecute the saints? For what purpose was he going to Damascus when he was converted?

II. PAUL THE CHRISTIAN. (14.) HEBREW TONGUE, see Notes; PRICKS, goads, see Notes. (16.) THIS PURPOSE, what follows in vs. 16-18, (17.) THE WHICH I WILL APPEAR, see Acts xxiii. 9, xxii. 18, xxiii. 11, 2 Cor. xii. 1-4, 7 Gal. i. 12. (17.) DELIVERING, rescuing thee, FROM THE PEOPLE, the Jews, see Acts xiv. 19, xvi. 32, xxiii. 10.

II. QUESTIONS.—What other accounts have we of Paul's conversion? Acts ix 1-18, xxii. 6-16. How does he describe his vision? v. 13. The words he heard? By whom spoken? For what purpose was this appearance? Paul's commission? His obedience? Places of his preaching? Substance of his preaching?

How does this lesson teach us—

(1.) That Jesus Christ was the Messiah promised in the Old Testament?

(2.) That persecuting Christians is persecuting Christ?

(3.) That the truly converted will obey Christ's commands?

We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.

2 COR. 5. 10.

## THE FALL CAMPAIGN.

WE DESIRE TO ENLIST every reader of the MESSENGER, young and old, in its service. Some three years ago we asked them to double its circulation and they did; two years ago we asked the same favor, and it was granted. Last year they rested on their oars, and to-day the circulation renews at the same figure that it was a year ago, fifty thousand. Now, after a long year's rest our friends will be able to go to work again in good earnest, and we have got some nice prizes for them. They will see in advertisement mention made of the skates, the watches, and the sewing-machine. We ask the little workers to look at the picture of the "Canadian Club Skate," which should have a special interest for them, as it is made in the smallest as well as ordinary sizes for their special benefit. In speaking of the prizes however, it must not be thought that we offer them, with the idea that our friends work for them only—not at all, we know they work for the MESSENGER because they love it and would contribute to its usefulness, as well as that of WITNESS and NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, and that the prizes but give a little spice of excitement to the work. Last year we sent out four hundred pairs of skates to our successful workers, and this year would like to send more than twice as many. Already we are beginning to be inundated with letters saying that the senders are going to work for the skates, and are pleased to witness the interest being taken in it.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, with the December number, will be enlarged by the addition of thirty-two pages, and thus greatly improved Its price will be also increased to $2.00, a very low price for a magazine of 128 pages, or a book of 1,536 pages. Our friends should not forget it in working for the skates.

## NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figures 11 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

A CLUB PACKAGE of 20 MESSENGERS for Oct. 16th has been returned with the address obliterated by water and hard usage after being posted. The owner can have them forwarded by furnishing the address to this office, as it is impossible for us to find out for whom they were intended. Should anything like this occur again we will, on receipt of the proper address, be in readiness to supply the deficiency.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PALPITATION OF THE HEART.

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I am, Sir, respectfully yours, FANNY HAINES.

For sale by all dealers.

GOOD HEALTH AND AN EVEN TEMPER ARE two of the best accomplishments young ladies can have, and these are necessary adjuncts to a beautiful face. The marks of a peevish disposition are not long in stamping themselves on any face, naturally the most beautiful. But who can help feeling peevish when ill-health comes? Very few, indeed, more especially when it is entirely unnecessary. A bad cold, if obtained in carrying words of comfort to a sick friend, is endurable, but it is difficult to enjoy one taken through an act of bravado. Just so when young ladies become invalids through obeying the dictates of that fashion which says: "Put on corsets and lace them as tightly as possible," and others of a similar kind, they find that everything has been lost and nothing found. With the growth of the knowledge of the human system, fashion will begin to obey sanitary laws. The publishers of DARE AND HEALTH have done much to direct public attention in this matter. This little book has met with a cordial reception in England, Ireland and Scotland, as well as in Canada, and the sixth thousand is now ready for sale. For 50 cents each copies will be sent post free to any address in America.

NOW IS THE TIME

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WORK FOR THE PRIZES.

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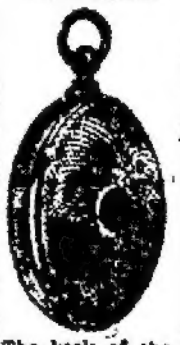

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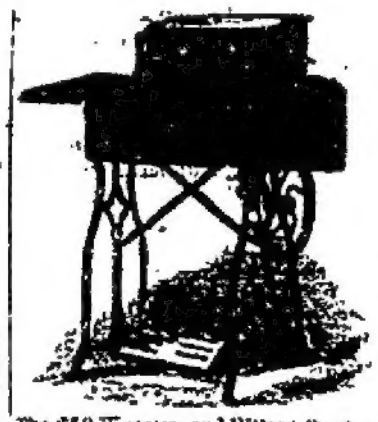
2nd PRIZE.



The $60 Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine for which Mr. Julius Kruse is Agent, to be seen running at No. 307 Notre Dame street, Montreal.

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Begin work at once.

When you begin, work systematically, thoroughly and persistently, drawing out some specified plan of action, and then following it till successful.

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